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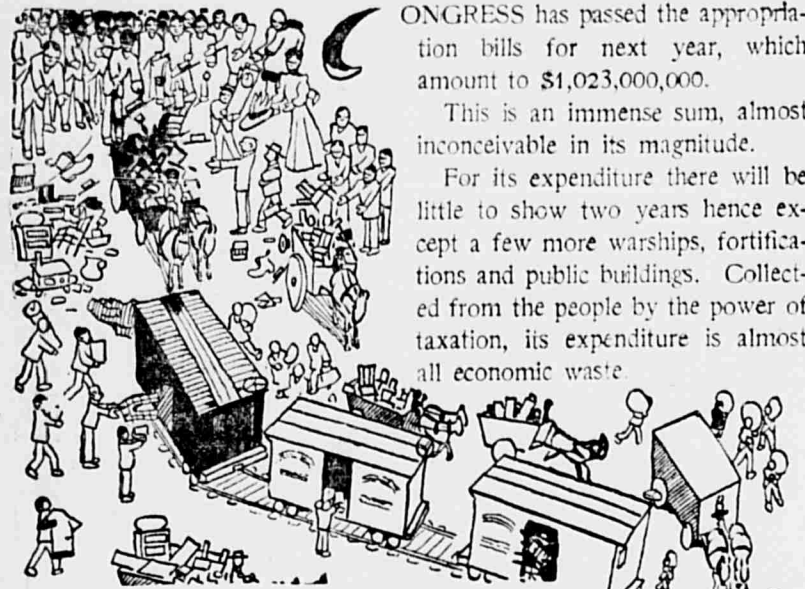
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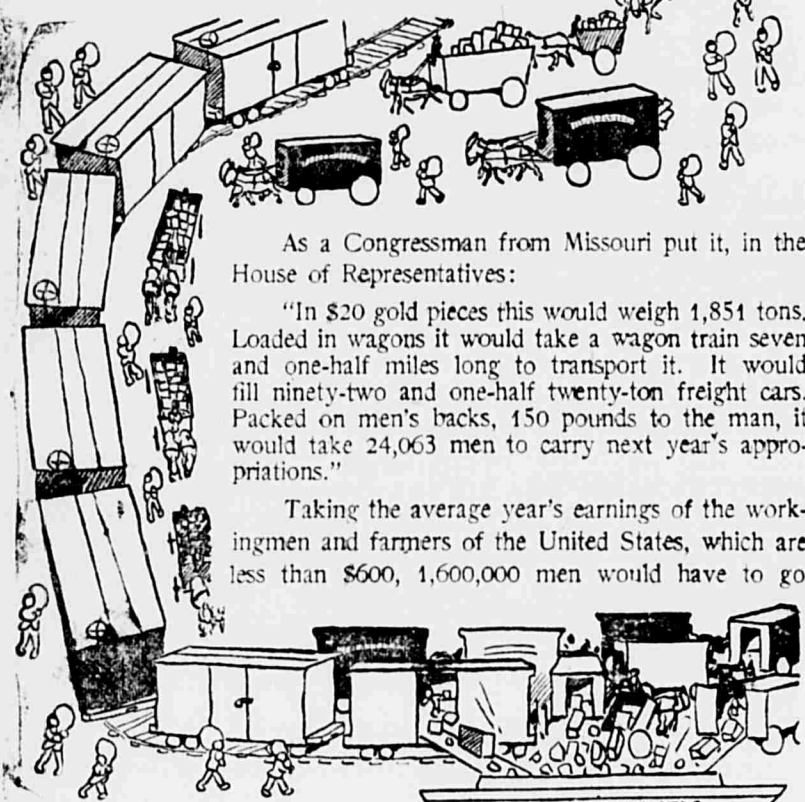
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ONE BILLION DOLLARS TAXES.



How huge this sum is the mere figures of more than one billion dollars inadequately convey. It is as if the property of the Steel Trust, the richest corporation in the United States, were to be blotted out, with all its furnaces, rolling mills, railroads, coke ovens, coal mines and ore banks.

If an earthquake and a fire were to raze every building in Brooklyn the amount of capital destroyed would not be so great as the annual expenditures of the United States for purposes that everybody could do without.



As a Congressman from Missouri put it, in the House of Representatives:

"In \$20 gold pieces this would weigh 1,851 tons. Loaded in wagons it would take a wagon train seven and one-half miles long to transport it. It would fill ninety-two and one-half twenty-ton freight cars. Packed on men's backs, 150 pounds to the man, it would take 24,063 men to carry next year's appropriations."

Taking the average year's earnings of the workmen and farmers of the United States, which are less than \$600, 1,600,000 men would have to go

hungry, naked and shelterless to pay the volume of these appropriations.

People wonder why the cost of living is high.

High taxes are one big reason.

The United States taxes on the basis of five persons to each family amount to 10% of the average earnings of the average man.

Excluding bond issues the average workingman in New York pays for himself and family \$140, which is a fifth of his average earnings, in city taxes alone!

Add to the United States and city taxes the State taxes, and the men who produce everything valuable in this city pay a third of their earnings in taxes.

People pay little attention to taxes because the tax collector does not come around and present a tax bill to them. They do not realize how much better and cheaper this would be, because it would be such a check on official extravagance.

The landlord collects his taxes from the tenant. The importer, the tobacco manufacturer, the distiller and the brewer pass their taxes on to the consumer, which is the workingman. The grocer, butcher and baker collect from their customers.

Consumers do not pay taxes in money direct to the Government. They pay in shoes, clothes, furniture, food and shelter. The mass of the people have less than a horse of public officials may be fed, clothed and sheltered and ride in automobiles. If taxes were paid in money, and that money disappeared with the payment, the gold supply of the United States would have disappeared in two years. Instead the public at large pay in lower wages, smaller incomes and higher cost of living.

This article is full of figures and is dry reading. It is printed only because the facts are important and everybody should know them.

The New Girl Graduate.

BY MAURICE KETTEN.



The Season of Straw Hats and Riekeys Coming Together, Makes Mr. Jarr Somewhat Apprehensive of the Future

By Roy L. McCardell.

"I see a lot of girls wearing them," said the matter-of-fact Rangle, "some of 'em look new and some of 'em look renovated."

"There's nothing in this renovating a straw hat," said Mr. Jarr, sagely. "I used to buy an expensive straw—the five dollar kind—every year, and then when it got yellow and old looking, I'd get it cleaned. It always looked bright and new after a cleaning for about four days and then it would be a sight again."

Now I find it pays better to buy a cheap straw hat and throw it away when it gets yellow looking and buy another cheap straw," added Mr. Jarr, "and by the way, don't you think a gin rickey would go good?"

"Gits me!" said Mr. Rangle. "Going to get a straw hat?"

"I think it would be forcing the season," said Mr. Jarr, "but I may get one Saturday."

"They entered a cafe and ordered riekies."

"This is more cooling than a straw hat," said Mr. Jarr.

"And if you get enough of them you don't care

whether you have any kind of a hat," suggested Mr. Rangle.

"Oh, they won't hurt you," said Mr. Jarr. "In fact, that's what make riekies so popular in hot weather, they are so mild. I could drink them all day."

"So can I," said Mr. Rangle, "but I'm not going to." However, he took another.

"Don't let us spend all our money in one place," said Mr. Jarr. "Let's walk up to the next corner; the Subway's crowded about this time, so let's go somewhere and sit down and get up town after the rush is over, we'll be in plenty of time for supper."

This appealed to Mr. Rangle and they went to another place and consumed more riekies.

"Just as I was saying," said Mr. Jarr, as the ice thickened in the glass, "the rickey is a temperance drink. This weather they just keep you nice and cool and they're as mild as milk."

"I don't know about that," said Mr. Rangle. "I guess you'd feel them if you drank enough, and they say that gin gives you a mournful jag. Did you ever hear that gin was depressive?"

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Jarr, stoutly. "I never believed any of these superstitions that one sort of liquor affected a man different from another. That champagne was exhilarating, that whiskey roused antipathies, that beer made you good natured, that gin was depressive. We've been drinking riekies quite a while, and I feel in good spirits, although business is certainly and enough to sadden a man."

"It sure is," said Rangle. "I don't know what's going to come to this country if the times don't get better."

"And look how the forests are going," said Mr. Jarr. "This country used to supply the world with lumber, and now we haven't enough timber to last us two hundred years. The country will be a desert. Where the forests stood will be arid and sun-scorched plains. There will be no vegetation, floods and famines will follow. I tell you, old man, it will be serious."

"And no coal in winter; coal will be all gone in a hundred years, you know," said Mr. Rangle morosely. "And no iron ore; it looks bad, old man."

Mr. Jarr sighed and shook his head, and all the way home the two men sat silent and worried over the wasting of our natural resources.

"What's the matter?" asked Mrs. Jarr when her husband arrived with a gloomy brow. "Have you heard any bad news?"

"Bad news?" asked Mr. Jarr. "Bad news? Don't you know there won't be any coal or wood left in this country in a few hundred years?"

"Well, we'll all be dead by that time," said Mrs. Jarr, with that cheerful feminine optimism that doesn't worry about the far future.

"But that's what makes hard times," said Mr. Jarr. "What's to become of us? I guess I'll have to stand on the street corner with a little wooden sign marked 'The Work of an Old Sailor' and solicit the contributions of the charitable." Here Mr. Jarr commenced to cry.

Then he refused to eat, saying he wouldn't deprive the children. The next morning he explained that he must have been overcome by the heat and wanted to know if Mrs. Jarr could let him have two dollars to buy a straw hat.

Showemhow Fits His Wife's Dress.

By F. G. Long.



Letters from the People.

More About Kitchener.

To the Editor of The Evening World.

In answer to "Thomas Reine as to what manner of man Lord Kitchener is," I will leave other readers to give their opinion of his military tactics. However, speaking of him personally, it is said among his fellow officers that when going on any dangerous expedition, if possible, he refuses to accept either married or engaged men among his troops. So that in having no home ties they will concentrate their thoughts on their duties. An amusing story is told of the late Queen Victoria, who, hearing he was a woman hater, is said to have had him brought before her and

asked him why he never married. His answer was: "I love Your Majesty too much to put any other woman before her."

LILLY M. LYSON.

For Junior Guardmen.

In referring to the statement that a junior corps ought to be formed in the National Guard, I think that the city of New York should do a little more in the direction of bettering the physical condition of its boys by that means, rather than paying men to guard the proposed watershed up State. If we boys continue to plead the necessity of such an organization we may get it.

Nixola Greeley-Smith

ON TOPICS OF THE DAY.

About Gossips.

THE REVEREND HENRY MILLRAY, of Little Falls, has announced his intention of devoting his life to the suppression of the gossiping habit.

"I have become a specialist on gossiping," he declared. "I propose to suppress 'gossip' just as some men fight intemperance, some go to foreign lands to convert the heathen."

The clergyman, it is said, has announced his intention of mentioning names in his denunciation of gossip, and has invited the women of Little Falls to meet him every Thursday afternoon to tell all they know about their neighbors. I am afraid the Rev. Mr. Millray is on a cold trail. Ten sewing circles do not still a title of the gossip that flows over one glittering bar. To round up the women scandal mongers only would be like quarantining one huge in a whole district infected with disease. When we have sought the sum total of feminine gossip, what does it amount to?

That Mrs. Jones dyes her hair. That it's very queer that the milk disappears from the dumbwaiter as it passes Mrs. Johnson's floor. Petty enough, mean enough, certainly, but not to be compared with the things that Mr. Jones and Mr. Johnson tell each other about their friends.

All women gossip more or less. Men either gossip a great deal or not at all. The best cure for gossip is absolute indifference. "Be thou as pure as ice, thou shalt not escape calumny," said Shakespeare. But you can stop a gossip's tongue from wagging as you can a dog's tail, by not paying any attention to it. The dog's wag, to be sure, is friendly, the gossip's otherwise, but both demand attention and languish and eventually die away without it.

Dignifying gossip by a clerical crusade is a grave error.

Only the individuals gossiped about can stop it. But as these at one time or another constitute the whole of mankind, the task ought to be easy.

If we don't care what other people say, it very soon wears them to say it. A twice told tale of scandal bores the hearer as much as if it were a temperance tract.

It is doubtful, however, if the joy of gossiping in our time does not more than compensate us for the pain of being gossiped about. And if this be true, what has any one to complain of?

Gertrude Barnum's

Talks to Girls

At the Snuff Factory.

WE were waiting at the Snuff Factory to speak to the president of the company. Forty girls sat at a long table, working at large stone slabs coated with mucklage, from which they pasted labels and stamps onto snuff boxes. Their fingers were no busier than their tongues, which were engaged in "making remarks" about the new forelady, in tones aimed to reach her ears.

"She's got a soft snap," said a fat "stamper," enviously. "Just standing 'round watching other people work, and drawing her pay at week ends."

"I'd rather be a Pinkerton detective and done with it," said a sharp-voiced "labeller."

"She thinks she's an aristocrat, and we're only the hol pollet!"

The "aristocrat" flushed, while handing back, to a novice, a dozen imperfect boxes which had been refused by the examiner, and apologetically making a fine against a shy-eyed brunette for destroying returned boxes instead of soaking and re-labelling them. As she came forward to speak to us, the jibes were redoubled and her flush deepened.

"I'm new here," she explained, "and they always have a new forelady. I hate the job, but I can't throw it up. I was too long looking for work before. I've got a crippled father and paralyzed mother to support. I've asked for the first piece-work vacancy. You make just as much, and the girls won't be so hard against you. If it wasn't for that fat girl it wouldn't be so hard. She's shirking; lots of her work is bad, and it comes back. Then she stands them all up."

"Why don't you offer to change places with her?" asked my practical little friend, Edna. "She thinks it's such a soft snap, let her try it."

The forelady's face fairly beamed with delight.

"Well," she cried, "that is an idea! I'll do it this very day."

Just then the president came in, and the workers stopped their slurring matches, took on a meek and lowly air, and bent all their energies to their tasks.

After our errand was performed and we had reached the street, Edna exclaimed in disgust:

"Those girls don't amount to a pinch of snuff. They're not worth sneezing at. Taking all their grouse out on that poor forelady, as if she made the rules—and all honey to the boss! Big words! They're brave enough when it comes to tongue-lashing a poor girl, but like themselves that's fighting for a chance to take care of her people, but the little bullies would never have the sand to stand up together for their rights at headquarters."

This tirade of Edna's gave me much food for thought, and I find myself convinced that most of us are a great deal like those Snuff Box Workers. Do we not, from the cradle to the grave, "take out our grouse" upon the defenseless and non-resistant?

As mere babies, when bullied by big brothers, we find relief in spanking the innocent rag doll. Through childhood we obey the stern father without question, venting our sense of injustice upon the gentle long-suffering mother. Later, we tease and abuse the lover whose true affection makes him patient and forgiving, while minding our Ps and Qs with the tyrannical egotist who, as popular idol, "lords it" over our entire social "set."

I wonder when we shall cease to be "little bullies" and "big cowards," amount to more than a "pinch of snuff," and endeavor to be really "worth sneezing at."

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl.

By Helen Rowland.

THE shortest way to heaven or to hell is via the Love Route, Limited.

It may be bad form for a man to pay his wife compliments and call her names in the presence of other women, but it's awfully good policy.

Many a foolish runaway match has been prevented by the fact that a girl didn't have on her best silk stockings at the critical moment.

Strange how a man will trust his bosom friends not to flirt with his wife, when he knows perfectly well how he tries to flirt with their wives.

It takes real strength of mind for a man to look disinterested when his wife tells him about the pretty widow who has just moved in next door.

A man often marries a woman to get her off his mind.

A confirmed bachelor girl is one who hasn't married—yet.

The "Fudge" Idiotorial.

No Straw in the Berry.

(Copyright, 1908, by the Planet Pub. Co.)

In the Interest of our Numerous Readers we have been LOOKING INTO the Strawberry crop. We find this Berry is a good deal of a FRAUD. There is NO STRAW in it, and of the Rest NINETY per cent. is water and TEN per cent. seeds and PULP!

We demand that this fraud shall cease, and that every berry shall have a straw with it.

Mr. Burbank, the Plant Wizard, should see that this is done AT ONCE. Until he succeeds, however, we may mention that we have discovered A WAY OUT, viz:

Secure a large glass pitcher and half fill it with cracked ice, Sprinkle the ice with half a pound of powdered sugar, and then add a pint of water and a quart of claret. Trim the edges of the pitcher with MINT, stick a slice of cucumber peel next to the handle, SCATTER STRAWBERRIES over the top and then PUT IN THE STRAW!